

MANASSEH,

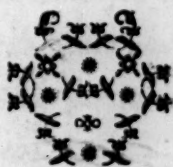
K I N G

O F

J U D A H.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.



L O N D O N. Printed by H. Cock,

And Sold at the LOCK-HOSPITAL, near HYDE-PARK-CORNER, for the BENEFIT
of the CHARITY. MDCCLXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

M A N A S S E H

G N I A

O F

J U D A H

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T O

WILLIAM BROMFIELD, Esq;

SURGEON to Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS Dowager of WALES,

AND TO

St. George's and the Lock-Hospitals, near Hyde-Park-Corner.

S I R,

I Dare say you have, as well as myself, often lamented, that MUSIC, a noble science, calculated for the noblest purposes, should so often be pressed into the service of the vilest — that what is in itself innocent, should by its frequent abuse become the contrary, and what should wait as an attendant upon good sense, instruction, and even devotion itself, to introduce them in the most charming manner to the heart, should ever serve the cause of nonsense, folly, or profaneness, and become a guide to the shafts of the adversary, to wing their more speedy, and direct their more certain flight into the soul.*

It is not my purpose to enter upon the particular, or indeed I might more properly say, the too universal instances on which the above observation is founded, but to present you with the fruit of some few leisure hours, which I thought well employed in attempting one of those sort of performances, which reconcile sense and sound, and harmonize instruction and musical delight: The partizans of the latter have, by an unhappy disregard shewn to the former, prejudiced the minds of many against MUSIC itself: but it should be considered, that these are fast friends, and only set at variance by the folly, corruption, and profligacy of mankind.

* I have endeavoured to give an instance of this, in the case of *Manasseh*, Part I. Scene the last, where the reader will find that monarch's grand defection from the God of ISRAEL, completed by a snare of this sort.

Give me leave therefore, Sir, to present this attempt to you, not only as you are a friend to the true and best use of MUSIC, but as the piece itself is intended as a benefaction to that charity, which owes its existence, so far as human endeavours could go, and indeed its present support, chiefly to YOU, in subordination to the blessing of Providence on your unwearied labours, by yourself and friends, to promote its interests.

Receive this then, Sir, as a small token of my respect for you, and of my good wishes to the LOCK HOSPITAL, as well as a testimony of my regard for the art of Harmony, when it appears in its proper place, and is made subservient to the purposes for which it is evidently calculated.

When I inform you that the ingenious composer of the MUSIC, voluntarily undertook to finish my design, by the correspondent touches of his own genius, I dare say you will acquaint the rest of the Governors, with his disinterested generosity, that he may be enrolled amongst those who have contributed to the advancement of one of the most beneficial and useful charities in the world.

I am,

Sir, with great esteem,

Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

The AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

* **A**ND Hezekiah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the chiefest of the sepulchres of the sons of David: and all Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, did him honour at his death: and Manasseh his son reigned in his stead.

¶ And Manasseh reigned fifty-five years in Jerusalem: and his mother's name was Hephzibah.

And he did that which was evil in the sight of the LORD, after the abominations of the heathen, whom the LORD cast out before the children of Israel,

For he built up again the high places, which Hezekiah his father had destroyed, and he reared up altars for Baal, and made a grove, as did Ahab, king of Israel, and worshiped all the host of heaven, and served them. And he built altars in the house of the LORD, of which the LORD said, In Jerusalem will I put my name.

And he built altars for all the host of heaven, in the two courts of the house of the LORD.

§ And he set a carved image in the house of God.

So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen, whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel.

And the LORD spake to Manasseh, and to his people: but they would not hearken.

Wherefore the LORD brought upon them the captains of the host of the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the Thorns, and bound him in fetters, and carried him to Babylon.

And when He was in affliction he besought the LORD his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers.

And prayed unto him, and he was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the LORD he was God.

And he took away the strange gods, and the idol out of the house of the LORD, and all the altars he had built in the mount of the house of the LORD, and in Jerusalem, and cast them out of the city.

And he repaired the altar of the LORD, and sacrificed thereon peace-offerings, and thank-offerings, and commanded Judah to serve the LORD God of Israel.

Now the rest of the acts of Manasseh, and his prayer unto his God, and the words of the seers that spake to him, in the name of the LORD God of Israel, behold they are written in the book of the Kings of Israel.

His prayer also and how God was intreated of him, and all his sin and his trespass, and the places wherein he built high places, and set up groves and graven images before he was humbled, behold They are written among the sayings of the seers.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MANASSEH, *King of Judah.*

AZARIAS, *a worshipper of Baal, and confidant of Manasseh.*

MESHULLAM, *High-Priest of the Jews. Priests, Levites, &c.*

HEPHZIBAH, *relict of Hezekiah, and mother of Manasseh.*

HIGH-PRIEST, *and other Priests of Baal.*

RABSARIS, *the general of the Assyrians.*

KEEPER of the prison at Babylon.

PRIESTESS of Baal.

AMORITISH Virgin.



MANASSEH

A N

O R A T O R I O.

PART I. SCENE I.

The TEMPLE at JERUSALEM.

MESHULLAM the HIGH-PRIEST, PRIESTS and LEVITES, gather
the People together, and lament the Death of HEZEKIAH.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

HIGH - PRIEST.

TO that unerring wisdom which hath call'd,
From SALEM's throne, our monarch, father, friend,
And from the * coming evil hath preserv'd
The righteous HEZEKIAH, to that hand
Which crown'd his † lengthen'd life with peace,
Then took him from our eager hopes away,
Be all submission—let no murmur'ing thought
Nor discontent arraign the will of heav'n—
Ye sons of JUDAH wait around his bier,
And pay the last sad honours to your king
With solemn sounds, and notes of heart-felt woe,
While deepest lamentation swells the song.

* 2 Kings xx. 17, 18. † If. xxxviii. 5.

AIR and CHORUS of ISRAELITISH Men.

I. MAN. We mourn our dear departed King!
Our hope, our joy is fled!

CHORUS. We eccho to the mournful string,
Our joy, our hope is dead!

AIR and CHORUS of ISRAELITISH Women.

I WOMAN. With heaving sighs of plaintive woe,
Daughters of Zion, come;

CHORUS. Behold, how low your Monarch lies,
For ever banish'd from your eyes!
With flowing tears bedeck his tomb.

AIR and CHORUS of PRIESTS and LEVITES.

H. PRIEST Bow beneath the chaf'ning rod,
And own the hand divine;

CHORUS. Lift your hearts to Israel's GOD,
To Him your ALL resign.

S C E N E II.

To them M A N A S S E H.

MANASS. What mean these strains, these notes of solemn woe,
Which from the temple's vaulted roof resound?
Is this a time to weep, when on my brow,
The royal diadem of JUDAH's plac'd,
And my glad heart exults in DAVID's throne?
Let festal joy proclaim the happy day,
Nor waste in bootless grief the jocund hours.

H. PRIEST Too soon, alas! you bid us dry our tears,
That speak, in grateful eloquence, our love
To that most honour'd, and most gracious prince,
Whose valour gain'd, whose pious care preserv'd
Blessings unnumber'd to this happy land:
Whose zeal destroy'd th' accursed idol's shrine,
And drove the foul abomination hence.

A I R,

MANASSEH.

9

A I R,

Bid the river cease to flow,
Bid JORDAN's rapid tide
Backward turn its wonted course,
And to its fountain glide :—
When the inverted streams return,
Then bid thy people cease to mourn.

MANASS. Traitor, no more—be banish'd from my fight !
Take with thee all the hateful hated race,
Of LEVI's tribe—nor ever more approach
My person, or this place, on pain of death.

A I R.

Go tempt the foaming ocean's rage,
And bid the billows cease to roar,
Nor lift on high their curling heads,
Nor lash again the passive shore:
Then bid my keen resentment cease,
Then speak my fury into peace.

ISRAELIT- Alas ! we mourn not that MANASSEH reigns,
ISH MAN. But that his Royal Father is no more :—
And while we now lament the Sire deceas'd,
Our ardent wishes rest upon his Son,
That, like the genial show'rs, or friendly dews
Which fill the pregnant earth with plenty's store,
His mild and gentle sway may bless our land.

A I R.

Let others dread the cruel tyrant's stroke,
And yield with slavish fear beneath his yoke ;
Let JUDAH's King exert a milder sway,
While willing subjects his commands obey.
Himself the servant of our GOD approve,
Peace be his sceptre, and his throne be love.

H. PRIEST O King MANASSEH ! by this sacred fane,
By Him, who it inhabits, who hath chose,
Of all the tribes which came from JACOB's loins,
JUDAH to wield the sword, and wear the crown—
By all His mercies shewn to ISRAEL's race,
I do conjure thee to revoke the doom.—

“ Here

M A N A S S E H.

|| "Here will I put my name, th' ALMIGHTY said,
 † "Here shall the sons of AARON minister,
 * "Touch not my prophets, do my priests no harm."—
 Thus spake the LORD, whose word for ever stands:
 Ah, dare not then to tempt OMNIPOTENCE!
 Nor bring the thunder of his wrath upon thee.

MANASS. Avaunt! be gone! by BAALIM I swear,
 By ASHTORETH and MILCOM's great divinity,
 That if thou'rt found, tho' but an hour hence,
 Within the circuit of the Temple's verge,
 Thou diest—this vindictive arm shall bring
 Thine hoary head with sorrow to the grave.

[*Exeunt* High-Priest, Levites, &c.]

Manent MANASSEH and AZARIAS.

MANASS. Saw'st thou, my AZARIAS, how he went,
 How sternly he departed! boding thoughts,
 And dark surmises seem'd to fill his breast;
 His eye indignant, like the lightning glar'd,
 And look'd a language, which he dar'd not speak!

A I R.

His looks my trembling heart assail,
 My firmest pow'rs begin to fail:
 O for some balm to heal
 The inward pain I feel!
 To cure the torment which his aspect wrought,
 And banish far away my anxious thought!

AZARIAS. Well hast thou done, my Prince, to banish hence
 The gloomy race of AARON's hated sons;
 Foes to our gods, and to our pleasures foes.—
 Behold a joyful train advance; they come
 To celebrate the rites of BAAL's feast:
 The youths and virgins lead the mystic dance,
 And all the pow'rs of harmony combine
 To cheer thy heart, and drive thy fears away.

A I R.

Now bid adieu to thoughts of woe,
 And join the happy train,
 Taste of every bliss below,
 While love and pleasure reign.

MANASSEH.

11

SCENE III.

SYMPHONY, *while BAAL's worshippers advance and place his image within the Temple. MANASSEH, AZARIAS, High-Priest of BAAL, with other Priests and Priestesses, Youths and Virgins.*

High-Priest of BAAL.

To thee MANASSEH, mighty lord,
We yield, as is most meet, our thanks,
That now, as when our AHAZ reign'd,
The sons of LEVI are remov'd,
With all their superstitious rites.
We thank thee, that within this roof,
Once more great BAAL's image stands :
And now his joyful worshippers
Can once again approach his shrine.

INVOCATION to BAAL.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Priestess of BAAL.

O * BAAL, shine with double lustre here,
And gladden ev'ry heart with thy bright beams ;
Let us, let King MANASSEH feel thy pow'r,
And taste the joys which thou alone canst give.

A I R.

Stay thy radiant chariot, stay,
Thy servant's vows attend ;
Stop awhile thy heav'nly way,
Thine ear propitious lend,
We hail thy name, we bless thy rays,
Thine all-reviving pow'r we praise.

C H O R U S.

We hail thy name, we bless thy rays,
Thine all-reviving pow'r we praise.

D

With

* The old idolaters are supposed to have worshipped the Sun under this name,

AMORIT- Is there a heart where care prevails,
 ISH Virgin Where sad disquiet, foe to joy,
 With all its train of doleful thoughts,
 And sad presages reigns ?—Now let it come,
 And share th' unbridled transports of to-day.

A I R.

Come to pleasure, come along,
 Lead the dance, and join the song ;
 Sweetly flow the melting strain,
 Calm his grief, assuage his pain,

MANASS. O soothing sound of more than mortal voice !
 Methinks I feel within my gladden'd heart,
 A strange delight, unknown, unfelt before.
 BAAL I'm *thine*—I'm *thine* enchanting maid—
 The melting accents of thy tuneful tongue,
 Have soften'd ev'ry care within my breast,
 And lull'd my bosom into sweet repose.

CHORUS of BAAL's *Priests and Worshipers.*

Come, MANASSEH, welcome guest,
 Share the joys of BAAL's feast.

YOUTHS & VIRGINS Love and pleasure crown the day,
 Care and sorrow hence away.

GRAND CHORUS Thro' all the land great BAAL's praise proclaim,
 And let the skies resound with BAAL's name.

End of the First Part.



PART

PART II. SCENE I.

MANASSEH. AZARIAS.

AZARIAS **S**AID I not well, my prince, that BAAL's feast
Would furnish ample comfort to thy soul,
And heal the pain of that tormenting shaft,
Which, darting from the eyes of that stern priest,
Transfix'd thy youthful heart, and made thee sad ?

MANASS. Ah, AZARIAS ! a more subtle flame,
Than e'er before was kindled in my breast,
Robs me of peace, and steals my life away.—
Saw'st thou that mirrour of perfection,
That with enchanting step led on the dance,
And charm'd the listning multitude around ?
While in her form resplendent beauty shone,
And from her lips the tuneful magic flow'd.

A I R.

My eyes her lovely form beheld,
My ev'ry sense was charm'd ;
Delight and wonder fill'd my soul,
While love my bosom warm'd :
Each pow'r its glad attention gave,
And my fond heart became her slave.

AZARIAS Shall great MANASSEH, JUDAH's scepter wield,
And doubt submission to his sov'reign will,
Or turn a suitor, where he may command ?

A I R.

Shall JUDAH's king, with glory deck'd,
And empire's ample sway !
Shall he an humble suitor kneel,
And he that rules, obey ?
Let her not tempt thee with thy pow'r to part,
Nor share the monarch, tho' she shares his heart.

And

MANASS. And shall my pow'r possess me of my love?—
It shall be so—Command her to attend
Within the grove where MILCOM's sacred rites
Are wont to be perform'd.—This day shall make
* her mine.

Go tell the priests of MOLOCH my intent,
And let the ample vale of HINNOM's son
Be fill'd with sacrifice. Let ASHTORETH,
SIDONIAN goddess, with great CHEMOSH join'd,
Be now invoc'd to bless my bridal day;
While BAAL's worshippers record my name,
Ev'n from DAN to the remote BEER-SHEBA,
And tell the list'ning world—MANESSEH's Happy!

SCENE II.

To them HEPHZIBAH, the Queen-Mother.

HEPHZI. Upon the wings of eager haste I fly
Sad messenger of sadder news—th' ASSYRIAN hosts,
Thick as the drops, that form the morning-dew,
Are on their way. Already RABBAH's tow'rs
Have felt their rage—the fenced cities fall
Before their conqu'ring arms—on ev'ry face
Dismay and horror sits!

MANASS. I'll hear no more—
This day is sacred, mother, to my love,
And e'er to-morrow's sun shall gild the east,
The gods I serve will drive the foe away.

HEPHZI. Hear me MANESSEH, 'tis th' ALMIGHTY arm,
By thee despis'd, awakes to scourge thy pride,
And wound thy monstrous folly to the heart.—
I tell thee, son, it is the GOD of heav'n,
Ev'n He, whose priests, whose altars and whose house
Thou hast defiled, and blasphem'd his name,
Awakes, as in the ancient days, t' avenge
The quarrel of his flighted covenant. †

A I R.

When, threatning ruin all around,
The forked light'ning flies,
While peals of thunder shake the ground,
And darkness veils the skies.

* Contrary to Deut. vii. 3. † Lev. xxvi. 25. former Part.

Rocks, hills and mountains seem their heads to bow,
And wait submissive the impending blow.
Thus may my son await the chast'ning rod,
And own the pow'r of an avenging GOD.

MANASS. Thy wishes seem to favour his intent,
And waft the proud ASSYRIAN on his way.
But SALEM's tow'rs shall stand against the foe,
And JUDAH's valiant troops, in dread array,
Shall drive th' adventurous assailants hence.

D U E T.

MANASS. Let not fear my hopes destroy,
Spoil my peace, and damp my joy ;
I go to meet the blooming fair—
Hence away all anxious care.

HEPHZI. Fear will soon thy hopes destroy,
Spoil thy peace, and damp thy joy ;
Anxious care shall seize thy breast,
Awaken'd guilt shall spoil thy rest.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E III.

JERUSALEM *surrounded by the ASSYRIAN army.*

RABSARIS, TARTAN, and other ASSYRIAN
Generals, with the forces without the walls.

RABSARIS Thus far our arms have met with wish'd success :
Heartless and hopeless do the feeble Jews
Betake themselves to flight.* JERUSALEM,
That once could dare the great SENACHERIB,
And send defiance to his num'rous troops,
Now, like the chafed roe, or tim'rous hind,
Trembles to see our gallant arms approach.
Now, list'd on our side, in ev'ry heart,
Pale dread and ghastly terror fight our way—
March on ye bold ASSYRIANS, take the prey.

C H O R U S of ASSYRIANS.

March on to take the prey,
This ever-glorious day,

* Lev. xxvi. 17. Deut. xxxii. 30.

M A N A S S E H.

With JUDAH's spoil,
Shall crown our toil,
And all our pains repay.

*A MARCH is heard, while the ASSYRIANS take
possession of the city.*

S C E N E IV.

MANASSEH. HEPHZIBAH. AZARIAS.

HEPHZI. Alas, my son ! already RABSARIS
Hath storm'd the gates ; and like a mighty flood,
Th' ASSYRIAN forces bear down all before them.

A I R.

When, uncontroll'd, the torrent's hasty course,
Bears all before it with resistless force,
The flocks and herds forsake the floating plains ;
Some friendly hill a refuge yields,
While desolation o'er the fields,
And wild confusion reigns.
So from th' o'erwhelming ruin let us fly,
To that Almighty hand,
That can their rage withstand,
And turn our sad defeat to victory.

MANASS. What say'st thou, AZARIAS ? Didst thou ask
The wise men of my kingdom, th' astrologers,
The sage magicians, and the soothsayers ?
Hast thou consulted, as I bad thee, all
Who fraught with wisdom's lore could tell my fate ?

AZARIAS I have—but e'er an answer was return'd,
I saw the well of * GIHON compass'd round,
And HEZEKIAH's conduit quench the thirst
Of the ASSYRIAN legions. Strait I came,
To tell thee that thy people's trembling hearts,
Frozen with fear, within their breasts congeal,
And sad dismay appears on ev'ry face.

* The name of a hill not far from Jerusalem, on the top of which was a famous pool, from whence Hezekiah conveyed the water into the city of Jerusalem by an aqueduct.

Now

HEPHZI. Now say, MANASSEH, canst thou gather hope,
From any, or from all thine idol gods ?
Now let these vanities, that have provok'd
The GOD of Israel to send thy foes,
Repel their force, and drive them hence away.

MANASS. Yet flight remains, a last, but sure relief.
Myself and friends to || HARETH's woods will fly,
And in the pathless forest dwell secure.

A I R.

There, in the desert's lonely wilds,
A safe retreat I'll find,
Nor shall th' ASSYRIAN's captive chains
JUDEA's Monarch bind.

[*Exeunt* Manasseh and Azarias.

SCENE V.

HEPHZIBAH alone.

RECITATIVE *accompanied*.

To Thee, whose wonderous power could bring,
From HOREB's flinty rock, the living stream,
Do I commit my more obdurate son.—
O may he yield, to thine uplifted rod—
His humbled soul, and from his flinty heart,
May living streams of deep repentance flow !—
To THEE, thou great disposer of events,
I give myself—thy ways are righteous all !—
In death or bonds I'll wait thy sov'reign will,
And fearless praise Thee in each dang'rous hour.
(Exit.

|| The forest of Hareth in the tribe of Judah, where David concealed himself from Saul.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

RABSARIS, TARTAN, *and the ASSYRIAN forces,*
having subdued JERUSALEM, and taken MANAS-
SEH, HEPHZIBAH, and numbers of the great men
of the kingdom prisoners.

CHORUS of ASSYRIANS.

The prize is won, the battle's o'er,
 JUDEA lifts her head no more ;
 Her walls and tow'rs,
 Her boasted pow'rs,
 Have fall'n before th' ASSYRIAN arms.

In songs of triumph we'll return,
 While all our shackled captives mourn,
 The royal prey
 Compleats the day,
 And joy succeeds to war's alarms.

End of the Second Part.



P A R T

PART III. SCENE I.

M A N A S S E H in Prison at BABYLON.

WITHIN this mansion, on whose dreary walls,
I read the emphasis of human woe,
I'm doom'd to sigh my mournful hours away.
All, all is lost !—I'm stripp'd—bereft—undone !
I've lost my crown, my kingdom, and myself !
Methinks I see, upon my shackled feet,
Emblems of those more horrid chains of guilt
Which bind my soul, and gall my throbbing heart—
When I look backward on the past, or think
On what th' insulting foe may make me feel,
I fear to live—yet dare not wish to die.

(To him the Keeper of the Prison.)

KEEPER. A noble pris'ner, nam'd HEPHZIBAH,
By orders from the gen'ral, claims admittance.

(soul,

MANASS. Conduct her-hither, *(Ex. Keep.)* Now prepare, my
To bear the chidings of her injur'd goodness.

*Enter HEPHZIBAH with one of the LEVITES, which
had been carried away Captive.*

HEPHZI. Pardon me, son, if I awhile intrude—

MANASS. Talk not of *pardon*—it is not for me—
MANASSEH's fall'n beyond its utmost reach,
Nor can a wretch like me for *pardon* hope,
Either from heav'n, my people, or from thee.

HEPHZI. I came, my son, not to revenge my wrongs,
But share thy sorrows—'t's not yet too late,
Thy cries can reach the throne of ISRAEL'S GOD—

MANASS. There was a time I would not bear that NAME,
And now I cannot—at the very sound
I feel ten-thousand scorpions sting me *here*—
(pointing to his breast.)
And drive me to the depths of black despair.

A I R.

What can my tortur'd bosom soothe ?
What medicine make me whole,
While sharper than the serpent's tooth,
Despair torments my soul ?

F

LEVITE. Thus, by his servant Moses, spake the LORD—
 “ When I shall bring my judgments on the land,
 “ To scourge the sons of ISRAEL for their crimes,
 “ And far removed into foreign realms,
 “ They sigh by reason of their sore distress,
 “ If, in the land of their captivity,
 “ They turn to Me, ’gainst whom they have rebel’d,
 “ And in the anguish of their contrite hearts,
 “ Confess their sin, and mourn their foul revolt ;
 “ I’ll sheathe the sword of my most right’ous wrath,
 “ Blot out their trespass, cancel their offence,
 “ And king and people to their land restore.

A I R.

Sooner shall the heav’ns decay,
 The sun withdraw its light,
 And all the shining hosts be veil’d,
 In universal night,
 Than ISRAEL’S GOD shall turn away,
 And cease to hear his people pray ;
 Than e’er his faithful word shall fail,
 Or ought against his truth prevail.

MANASS. Methinks thy words afford a gleam of hope,
 A ray of heav’nly comfort dawns within,
 Which seems to cherish my desponding soul,
 And tell me there is mercy yet for Me—
 For Me, the vilest of the sons of men.—
 But, ah ! how dare I hope ?—how dare I not ?—
 Since all my hope is built on TRUTH ITSELF,
 Which bids me weigh my aggravated sins,
 Not in the scale of my abhorr’d deserts,
 But in the balance of his tender MERCY.

A I R.

HEPNEZ.

From thy shining seat above,
 Offspring of eternal love,
 Fair MERCY stretch thy wing ;
 Come light within his anxious breast,
 And charm his flutt’ring heart to rest ;
 While the cherubic host,
 In love and wonder lost,
 Thy deathless fame shall sing.

To them the ASSYRIAN General.

GENERAL I come, MANASSEH, from ASSYRIA's King,
To tell thee, in his name, thou hast withdrawn
The yearly tribute which thy fathers paid. *
For this he sent the wasteful sword of war,
To urge thee to compliance. 'Twas for this,
Thy subjects, and thyself, were led away;
And here, so speaks the King, thou must remain,
If, for thy ransom, thou wilt not consent
To bind thy kingdom to a double tribute,
And leave those fenced cities in his hands,
Which he hath taken, on the northern side
Of JUDAH's coast, as pledges of thy faith.
This if thou'lt promise on a Monarch's word,
Thyself, and all the captivated Jews,
Shall be released.—

MANASS. —Tell ASSYRIA's King,
The ransom he requires shall be paid him;
And he shall have th' assurance he demands.
(Exit General.)
Surely the stream of heav'n's bounty flows
With a full tide—O could my voice be heard
To the extremest verge of earth, I'd tell
Of that transcendent goodness, which hath rais'd
MANASSEH, soul and body, from the dust.—
Next wou'd I tell of thee, thou best of friends,
Thou kindest parent that e'er blest a son.
How like a guardian-angel, thou hast watch'd
Over my most perverse, and darkest ways,
Borne with my frow'dness, shar'd in my disgrace;
And now with tears of joy dost share my blessings.

HEPHZI. No more, my son—let us for ever join,
To praise the bounteous hand that makes us blest.

D U E T

To Thee, great Author of all good,
Our thanks and praise are due;
May we, on each returning day,
Our praise, our thanks renew.

* 2 Kings xvii. 4, and xviii. 14.

M A N A S S E H.

S C E N E the last.

The HIGH-PRIEST, PRIESTS and LEVITES in the Temple at JERUSALEM, having received orders from MANASSEH to destroy the Images of BAAL, and the Groves, and to restore the Temple Worship.

H I G H - P R I E S T.

O Welcome, welcome day ! when LEVI's sons
Once more can wait upon this hallow'd place !
O welcome news ! that fills our hearts with joy,
And tells of heaven's bounty to MANASSEH !
Upon the altar let the incense rise,
And ev'ry heart become a sacrifice.

C H O R U S.

Hail the welcome day,
With songs of sacred joy,
Heaven's loudest praise
Let ev'ry tongue employ :
Bring the harp, the cymbals bring,
Strike aloud the tuneful string,
Sound the trumpet's chearful voice,
JUDAH's sons, rejoice ! rejoice !

To them MANASSEH and HEPHZIBAH.

MANASS. Thankful I bow beneath this hallow'd roof,
And own the pow'r of that great LORD of all,
Whose shrine this rebel-hand could violate,
Whose name this daring tongue blaspheme,
And from his courts could banish LEVI's sons,
His chosen ministers, and faithful priests.—
MESHULLAM, man of GOD, canst thou forget
The vile offence I gave thee by my threats ?—
I now can honour thy resentful brow,
And thank thee for the noble zeal thou shew'd'st.
I red thy meaning in thine honest looks—
Well, if I'd red it to a better purpose !

H. PRIEST Royal MANASSEH, such I'll call thee now,
Restor'd to DAVID's throne, and DAVID's GOD;
Let no remembrance that can cloud our joy
Remain amongst us, but in songs of praise,
Remembering ISRAEL's mercies, we'll record
The right'ous acts of ISRAEL's sov'reign LORD.

A I R.

Proclaim the GOD of ISRAEL's praise,
His wond'rous deeds declare;
Your grateful notes of triumph raise,
Who now his mercies share.

T R I O.

MANASSEH, HEPHZIBAH, and HIGH-PRIEST.
To latest ages make his power known,
Tell all the earth what wonders HE hath done!

YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

Angels that excel in might,
Seraphs deck'd in robes of light;
Tune your golden harps and sing,
"Glory to th' Eternal King."

Grand CHORUS.

To HIM who rules o'er earth and heav'n,
Righteous in all his works and ways,
Salvation, honour, pow'r and praise,
And everlasting thanks be giv'n.

F I N I S.